# THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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## College Distinctions.

The custom of giving honorary appointments to part of the members of College, during their academical course, so venerable for its antiquity, has long been regarded with suspicious concern. There seems to be something, if not mysterious, yet rather inexplicable hanging around this relick of heathen times, when the faint glimmering of day alone lighted man to immortality and life. Why was it ever brought to bear upon the mind and propel the student onward in literary attainments? Cannot sufficient motives be drawn from the intrinsic excellence of knowledge, its happy influence in preparing the mind for deep and lofty musings, that when the streams of pleasure are dry, it may find sources of lasting enjoyment within, and when the externals of life are dismissed and succeeded by leisure and ease, it may not be left to idleness and ennui? Or is it no stirring thought, that a mind may be so wrought by the plastick influence of education as to leave upon all with whom it shall commune impressions the most salutary and lasting, and exert an influence on its age that shall be communicated to each succeeding one—increasing by infinite multiples until it blesses the latest generation of men? If so, why not urge them home to the heart as amply sufficient motives to all the efforts of which the mind is capable? Because our tardy youth do not appreciate them? Then let their minds be cleansed and thrown open to the purifying gales of Heaven, rather than rendered more depraved by the contagious influence of ambition.

As it is the object of a liberal education to improve the natural and moral powers of the mind, we propose to examine the influence of College Distinctions on the improvement of the intellect and the cultivation of the heart; premising that if in any case they interfere, the latter should never be sacrificed to the former.

In every association for the improvement of mind, it is obvious that a motive, in order to be truly valuable in its effects, should influence every individual member; should not stimulate some at the expense of dampening the ardor of others; should be uniform in its action, and not produce a degree of effort that is inconsistent with the discharge of more important duties, and due attention to the preservation of health. I believe that it will be easily made to appear that the principle we are combatting, in these most important particulars, entirely fails.

1. In the first place it can be a motive to but a comparatively small part of the members of an institution. For its very potency consists in the fact that the successful competitor for its honors, is considered superior to a large majority of the class; and should it proffer its rewards to any thing like the larger portion of students, they would be utterly powerless, and produce none of their intended effect. Consequently, the distinctions made in the appointments of the respective classes are extremely few, and when once its members have determined nearly the individuals who will be successful in the competition, by far its greatest number, who know they shall not, in the nature of the case, cannot be thus stimulated to any extra effort.

2. But it not only urges them to no extra exertion for the attainment of knowledge, but actually dampens the ardor of their minds, and chills the warmth which might otherwise have glowed in their bosoms for high and noble acquirements. The idea once fixed in the mind, that a person by some means beyond his control, can never stand among the first of his associates, connected with the thought that they are to be distinguished as his superiors, will most assuredly prevent him from rising to the height of which he is capable. He fixes his eye with eager anxiety upon the prize, unwilling to be reckoned among the inferior in scholarship, but what a revulsion of feeling comes across his soul, when compelled to the reflection,—I cannot attain it; his enthusiasm is killed, and he makes, perhaps, two-thirds the improvement that he would under other circumstances. And thus with the student,—because the best of his efforts will not raise him among the first, he is willing to sink many degrees below the point he might attain.

3. There is not any uniformity in the influence which it exerts, sometimes producing no salutary effect in the habits of study, at others, occasioning a degree of application which utterly destroys the health and the usefulness for all coming time. The shattered constitutions of the larger portion of the best scholars in our country afford melancholy evidence of this truth, which the observation of all has, I presume, verified in a thousand instances. And what is particularly deserving of notice is, that the com-

paratively small number who are goaded on by this itch for distinction, are the very ones who need no such incitements; for usually their habits of attention to the business in which they are professedly engaged, are sufficiently strong, to carry them onward in a course of progressive attainment through the whole period of life. Its influence then, on intellectual improvement may be summed up in a few words,—it occasions in the large portion of students no extra efforts for the improvement of mind, but rather dampens the ardor of their zeal for knowledge, and spends its strength upon those who need no stimulus, thus occasioning a degree of effort that often prostrates forever the mind and the body!!

Where then, we might demand, is their utility, even admitting that there are not sufficient motives to act on an honorable mind without bringing in to aid factitious helpers, in the improvement of intellect and the acquirement of learning? Can it be shown,—can it be inferred from the most assiduous collocation of facts, that its influence on mental improvement is such as would justify its continuance for a moment, in a single institution of the land? The question, I apprehend, will admit of but one answer; a decided negative. If we look then a step further to its influence on the moral powers of the mind, or the affections of the heart, it will be an easy matter to make a lasting decision on the merit of College Distinctions.

Here we wish to remark as preliminary to the course of reasoning we purpose to pursue, that merit, as determined by the distinctions of which we are speaking, is altogether comparative, being settled by no fixed standard of judgement. That which determines whether a person shall be rewarded with an honorary appointment, is not the accuracy with which he has recited, or the amount of knowledge he has attained, but his superiority over the other members of his Class. If a person, therefore, of moderate application and attainments, should stand first on the scale of comparative merit in consequence of the inferior scholarship of his mates, he leaves the institution loaded with the ultimum spolium, the same honor, that is bestowed upon him who makes double the acquisitions to rise, in another class, to the same comparative height. It, therefore, can never be relied upon as a true indication of scholarship, and, though it might lead to the general conclusion that the honored was not a fool, it is no proof of great wisdom or learning.

1. The first objection which we shall therefore urge against it, from the influence which it has on the moral habits of the mind, is that it is a bad rule of action. It rarely leads to eminence, and never to virtue and piety. It always embitters the cup of the man of years, and the meagre pittance of enjoyment it occasionally brings to the youth, is often purchased by a sad deception in his visions of the future, which ultimately brings the pangs of disappointed expectations, more refined than could have been the pleasure of their completion. It finally is utterly unworthy of any one who claims the dignified title, man; for the different capacity of individuals for knowledge, and the variety of their circumstances in life, will forever render futile all attempts to break up that diversity which is its legitimate result. Let the mind make the highest attainments it is capable, and with that be satisfied however much excelled by a compeer.

2. It seems to strengthen the love of distinction, which is a passion altogether too strong by nature for the improvement and happiness of the mind, and needs rather to be starved out from the soul than quickened and invigorated by stimulants and use. There is a strict analogy which obtains between the intellectual, corporeal and moral system, as it regards the effect produced by action upon their respective powers; and it is no less true in respect to the passions of the heart, than it is with the vigor of the intellect, or strength of the body, that exercise gives energy and life. The most effectual method then, to cherish and warm them into vigorous action and give them a more complete dominion over their miserable victim, is to make them the source of motives to honorable pursuits and noble attainments, instead of urging home those reasons which spring from the very associations of life, the spirit of the age and the temperament of the atmosphere we breathe.—Let the youth gaze with delight upon the flattering distinctions of College life, and seek rather the honors attendant upon hard and laborious study than its lasting utility, and he is cultivating the very passion and pursuing the very course that will forever make him the victim of uneasiness, and may, through some disappointment to his sublimated mind, drive him to madness and despair.

3. But the worst feature of its influence remains yet to be told, in its intimate connection with many of the bad passions of the heart. Pride and vanity stand first in the train of this numerous sisterhood. It is easy to see that these two passions, of which the former is a high opinion of our own abilities, and the latter a desire that they may be the subject of praise among others, are its natural and legitimate offspring. For in pefect accordance with his ambitious spirit, its votary thinks frequently of his own talents and acquirements, and measures himself with his as-

sociates and competitors, evidently with a partiality that tends most directly to cherish and invigorate his pride. And vanity is one of the component parts of emulation,—it forms its very basis. No individual would wish for an honorary appointment unless he thought it would be known and in many instances proclaimed through the public prints; and why?—obviously that he may enjoy the reputation of it,—that he may be praised and his vanity gratified, in which the whole potency of the motive consists. Thus pride and vanity, par nobile filiarum, and infinitely worthy of the same parentage, are perfected by the indulgence of that love of distinction so natural to the heart of man.

But its intimate association with envy exhibts the blackest feature of this relick of heathen times. Plato "makes emulation the daughter of envy," but she might, I think, with more propriety be called her mother, since it is manifestly a desire to excel a competitor that leads a person to envy him his superiority. The relation which they sustain is that of cause and effect—and however amiable the heart in which the former finds a residence, the latter will be its unavoidable concomitant. The certainty of this in the case of students, whose circumstances of intimacy and association afford so ample a knowledge of each other's progress and comparative merit, will not admit a question or a doubt. And could there be no other argument raised against the principle we are combatting, except its agency in sharpening this spiteful passion, this viper's tooth, that has invariably destroyed the happiness of its possessor and spit its poison at the fair fame of every successful competitor, this alone would be sufficient to consign it over to silence and oblivion. What are all the attainments which the mind is capable of making, and the pride, parade and pomp of science, when compared with the moral character, the complexion which the soul is to wear into the presence of the great Eternal?—And what shall we say of College Distinctions whose influence is so deeply injurious to the heart, when they have not this poor recommendation of improving the head? But one opinion, we repeat it, with regard to their existence, can be sustained,—a broad and decided negative.

Many other considerations might be urged, which lead to the same conclusion; such as the frequent want of feelings of kindness and reciprocity, and the more open manifestations of disaffection, mostly resulting from this very cause; but the length of this article perhaps needs an apology rather than extension. This must be found in the nature of the subject, and our anxiety to present the argument at a view. For if this principle upon which many of our institutions have so long proceeded, is capable of being sustained, we hope some friend who possesses the arguments upon which it stands, will have the goodness to lay them before the world, or show the fallacy of those we have attempted to present. Our ears are open for instruction.

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## An Ode,

*Sung at the Anniversary of the Middlebury College Temperance Society, July* 11 1831.

TUNE—"*Watchman tell us of the night.*"

I.

*First Voice.*

Nations! Wake the theme! Arise!
Loud in strains extatic tell
Earth and sea and vaulted skies,
How your mental shackles fell!

*Choir.*

Listen! earth and sea and sky.
Heav'n hath taught us to be free;
And a world responive cry,
Vice alone is slavery.

II.

*First Voice.*

Nations! answer from your shores!
Are there yet no haunts of woe,
Where the wretch of guilt adores
Poisons that have laid him low?

*Choir.*

Hark! That spirit-rending sound,
Borne on sighing breezes near,
Still proclaims to all around,
Sorrow is triumphant here.

III.

*First Voice.*

Nations! Where's the favored land,
Sun-bright with the smiles of Heaven,
Which beneath the Almighty's hand,
Your deliverance hath given?

*Choir.*

Let its name on earth be blest,
And when earth hath pass'd away,
Spirits in eternal rest!
Hymn the name "AMERICA!"

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## System.

Various are the incidents which give complexion to the intellect, and render effectual the efforts of men. However painful it may frequently be, to witness the consequences, it affords entertainment to the curiosity to watch the workings of the mind and to search out those earthly mental features, which are presages of infamy, or tokens of future eminence and worth. On the list of these, system occupies a prominent place. It may be defined a regular combination of parts, that tend in connection to complete any work of creation or of art. In relation to moral conduct, it may be termed an association of minor circumstances, which, when united, produce results of moment and interest.

By observing the consequences which follow where it is wanting we learn to appreciate its importance. Look upon that pitiful object in yonder haunt of dissipation, on whom nature lavished her gifts and to whom fortune lent her ample aid. While the monitory voice of the kindest parents accompanied him to the halls of science, and the claims of gratitude united with the demands of duty, and to urge him forward; on one hand *remorse* threatened to punish his abuse of literary opportunities, and on the other invaluable rewards of studious application invited him onward to the hill of science, the mount of song, the chair of state, or the sacred desk. But notwithstanding motives without number conspired to arouse him to persevering effort, and at first produced momentary resolutions, he soon turned a deaf ear to their kind voice, and became abandoned, like the vessel, whose pilot has forsaken her, to be driven by the fury of the tempest, far from her destined course, until the devouring vortex withdraws from human vision the pride of the naval architect. Nor can the want of system be regarded as pernicious in a *small degree* to human happiness. When this deficiency takes a wide range, it disturbs whole communities and reaches with its baneful influence the distant kingdoms of our earth, infecting every class from the obscure citizen to the head of national councils. It renders foolish the wise, entails poverty where the streams of wealth had overflowed, makes enemies of friends, turns fruitful regions into desolation, visits whole empires with calamity, prostrating in its death-bearing course civil institutions, and sapping the foundations of human society. Not unfrequently is system itself employed in the course of vice. If we peruse the periodicals of the day and note the catalogue of crimes and violence committed, if we observe the conduct of despots and tyrants and comprehend the extent of misery under which the subjects of their tyranny and the victims of their cruelty groan, we perceive through their deeds of shame and guilt, the deep laid schemes which prepared their way. Still more evidently was its influence exerted in that revolution which burst forth among a higher order of beings than our own, ere time was known, which aimed at the demolition of the throne of the universe, and from whose infection even man has not escaped. Whoever watches the events that transpire even now within our observation, will plainly discover in the opposition made to virtue and benevolence the power of system in the hands of the grand foe to Deity and man.

But there are occasions when system is conducive to the general good, and lends its aid to the cause of virtue. As we turn our attention to the objects that surround us, we are delighted with the harmony which on all sides prevails. In noticing those which might at first view seem unconnected, we are struck with the fact that amidst an endless variety we discover a systematic regularity.

Turn we our eyes to the forest, the landscape or the busy village, or gaze upon our earth as delineated in miniature, and figure to ourselves the boundless diversity of climates, of mountains extending from ocean to ocean, and of rivers with their tributary streams, we cannot cease to admire the order which appears.

The hypothesis of the ancients that the earth is the centre of the material creation, we need not adopt, in order to learn the effects of system in the visible objects of the vast creation. Let us imagine ourselves as spectators at a distance, and the sworn sister planets in full view with their attendant satellites whirling through the boundless void, while in silence they perform their revolutions round the sun. And having surveyed the wonderful phenomena in this vestibule of creation, let us fancy ourselves to have passed far beyond the orbits of our neighboring globes, until we reach the concavity of the far distant heavens, and there behold the order and harmony which prevails in every direction, amidst millions of systems, revolving through the unbounded expanse of the universe.

The mind reviews with interest the history of magnanimous nations, and is gratified by a discovery of those characteristics which have rendered them formidable and prosperous. Nor does it recur to their wealth or power alone. But looks for a consolidation of wisdom and effort and principle, which gives stability to political institutions. There is a nation which has profited by such a review. Unlike the subjects of those despotisms which have enslaved whole nations, it has secured to itself the blessings of executive authority unmingled with tyranny or oppression. Free from the disorder and anarchy to which the democracies of the East were subject, it has acquired the benefits of wise and salutary legislation. Its liberties and happiness are secured from the bane of faction and the want of law, and to the excellence of its constitution and to the system that generally prevails in the judicial, the legislative and executive departments, may be attributed its present unrivalled prosperity.

Nor is the mind less pleased in the contemplation of that list of eminent philosophers, statesmen and philanthropists which have graced the annals of the past, or are yet on the theatre of human action. As it surveys the ineati-

mable blessings which they have conferred on their species, it naturally inquires by what aid they have succeeded. By what means have the laws of matter and of mind been developed, the science of government unfolded, earth's wretched tenants made happy, and millions of immortals trained up for a state of felicity which surpasses all description? If we trace their course, and investigate the grand secret by which they ascended to that lofty elevation, to which they attained, it will appear evident, that nature alone, has not occasioned this wide difference between them and others, who, in the morning of their efforts shone as brilliantly and who anticipated the fruition of as glorious hopes. Their scientific researches, their philosophical pursuits, and their efforts in the cause of benevolence and humanity were characterized by system. By aid of *this*, they accomplished their magnanimous designs, and to this they were greatly indebted for their usufulness and eminence.

Our admiration is awakened, when with the aid of revelation, as with a telescope, we look before our own species and behold superior beings, created by omnipotent energy, and upheld in their peculiar spheres by Almighty strength. And when our imagination discovers these different intelligences rising in the scale of existence, of capacity and knowledge from the vast throng of seraphim and cherubim to principalities and powers, and extending upward to thrones and dominions, all engaged in the delightful employment of adoration and praise to their God and ours, we have but a faint idea of those ethereal systems which exist in all their moral beauty and sublimity.

We have seen the effects of this powerful principle in the vast machinery of the material world, and in those grand and ennobling acquisitions which have been made in the universe of mind. But its influence is felt in another department, at which we just now glanced in comparison with which all sublunary things dwindle into insignificance. The monuments of art shall crumble into dust, and nature's finishings, ere long, shall be no more. The monarch of the day and yonder fair orbs of night shall cease their shining. But thou, system of divine truth shalt never fail.

And when the redeemed from earth and the virtuous from all the bright worlds around, shall unite with the orders of intelligences above us, in one vast assembly, the radiance emanating from the exhaustless source of light and love, shall fill the minds of the celestial throng, with felicity unspeakable and eternal. PIERRE.

## Lines to ***

I.

Oh there are thoughts which I would fain forget
And yet cannot, for like an elfin sprite,
They ever haunt me, and by day scarce let
My business take its course, and then by night
I dream perforce the things I would not dream;
For in my sleep, one fairy form does seem, [sight
Clothed with a thousand charms, to stand before my

II.

How vain is man, weak man, that hath not power
To rule his own affections, but must be
The prey of strange desires, that haunt the hour,
Which should be left to holier thoughts, while he,
Borne on the tide of passion, strives in vain
To gather home her wandering thoughts again,
And bursting nature's strong enthralling chain, be free.

III.

Oh, thus it is, and yet I will not weep,
Though reason oft be driven from her throne;
For who can say there is no joy in sleep,
While some kind angel, in a soothing tone,
Tells me my love is answered, and again
Speaks sweetly in my arms—but then,
How painful 'tis to wake and find myself alone!

IV.

In pondering o'er the visions of the night,
I've spent my days, till life's approaching noon
Bids me dismiss my hopes of vain delight,
And live to purpose; for this boon,
Life's fleeting hour, is given for noble use—
Wretch that I am, to load it with abuse—
Then, sweet, enchanting angel, leave—leave me alone.

V.

Yet, stay a moment, leave not thus a friend—
And yet withdraw—for other scenes are mine.
O cruel duty, whither dost thou tend?
But I ought not—nay, I *will* not repine.
Perchance stern fate may change and we may yet—
I will not say it—could I but forget
What I have felt—But yet, adieu, sweet Caroline!

MISENUS.

## Mental Energy.

"Would you be happy? Strengthen and control,
"And regulate that spring of bliss, the soul."

BEATTIE.

Providence is impartial. Its beneficence is liberally showered on all. Its unlimited plan of operations, enclosing in its wide embrace, the whole family of man, is executed most equitably. And every minor feature in this system, has the marks of unbounded kindness. In the distribution of its gifts no man is known as its favorite, no one is treated as an enemy. All have freedom to range through the field of nature to admire the simplicity, and wonder at the magnitude of the Great Artist's plan. All have liberty to enjoy the light of heaven's luminaries. All may smile as they see suns and stars shine in their builder's crown. The simple beverage of man oozes from its fountain and purls along the plain to quench the thirst of the proud, the profligate, blasphemer and the humble adorer of his Maker. The nourishmeut prepared for the maintainance of life is poisoned on the palate of no one. The green landscape spreads its fair bosom to the worshippers of a Deity, and the obstinate condemner of his authority. Sleep

and all the sweet restorers of wearied nature are alike salubrious to the virtuous and the rich.—From whence springs the amazing difference? Why does one man carry an irresistible influence through every circle? Why is he happy in life, and lamented in death? Why does another creep in obscurity, like the malignant reptile, forever watching to obtrude its fang upon innocence and happiness, till it drinks its own venom, and dies of the draught. The one regulates, the other neglects that spring of bliss, the soul. That spring may be so cultivated, and rendered so pure as to distil with ease and rapidity through the whole frame, producing firmness, agility of body and an increasing tide of cheerfulness in the soul, or it may be so neglected as to become a loathsome and stagnant pool, its sluggish waters cloy the organs of life; send debility, disorder and death to the system, sullenness and rank despondence to the mind.

Ignorance is the bane of human happiness.—If permitted to remain in the soul, it will render tasteless and insipid the waters that spring from this fountain. It will yield to youth but little pleasure, to manhood less, to old age, only a barren and wide waste. For the cultivation of the intellectual powers, no zeal should be considered too ardent, no labor too great. The spirit of man recoils at the thought of poverty and dependence; rather than endure it he will welcome the severest drudgeries, and wear out his life in the most wakeful solicitude. To shun it he will mine in the earth, despise the dangers of the deep, and scorn the fury and frowns of fate. But poverty is a bare shadow of that servitude, which ignorance bequeathes to its slave. He that would shun a barren and neglected age, and save himself from becoming a brainless automaton, must store well, this spring of weal or woe. And the work must not end here, for learning and vice have too often become intimate companions. The rankest weeds flourish on the richest soil. The judgment may be so trained, as to decide with perfect accuracy; the memory so stored as to converse with the heroes, the saints and sages of antiquity, and the imagination so regulated as to span heaven and earth at a thought and still their possessor remain the victim of the most degrading passions.

Indolence is the worm that gnaws at the root of every good resolution, and sucks the sap that should ripen the fruit. The youth looks into futurity, and sees that he must mould and maintain his own character; he marks out the course which will carry him to honor and ease, but, before he is aware of it, indolence has stolen upon him, and like the subtle stream has carried away his whole foundation. Vainly supposing that a time of thoughtlessness cannot injure his extensive plan, he finds, to his cost, that if "the mind is fallow for a single day, it will sprout up in follies which can only be killed by constant and studious culture." Whoever expects to move onward in a calm and progressive course, must extirpate indolence from his heart.

A tame servility to the principles and practices of others without any regard to the promptings of conscience or the dictates of duty, is a sure destroyer of peace, laying prostrate every noble feeling and stamping the marks of bondage on the whole character. He that has not independence to hold up a standard of his own, will be scorned by his companions, and despised by his enemies; he can neither gain the confidence of the one, nor the reverence of the other. No one courts his favor, nor deprecates his displeasure, but all claim a right to his worthless tribute. Like a conquered province, he is subject to the tax of every publican.—Trusting to his own resources he finds no power to guide, and then seeks from another what is wanting in himself. Let a man indulge this spirit and he may bid farewell to freedom.

But there are other passions of a more destructive tendency, which must be subdued.—Envy is a most corroding mist upon the springs of the mind, eating out their strength and rendering them idle and impotent. He that cherishes this malevolent spirit, will feel the kindlings of anger when he sees a competitor rising above him, or an inferior gain a station equal to his own. Whether he holds the most exalted or degraded rank, the same hateful feelings are called into exercise. At such a time, "his agony is the rack of hell." Not content with the rage he feels in his own bosom, he seeks to kindle it in others, and calls in to his aid the foul brood which envy nourishes, vituperation, calumny and falsehood. Can happiness dwell in union with such feelings as these? Can he who suffers his tongue to be loaded with slander, his lips with guile, and his heart with envy, feel any of those kind emotions which soften the asperities of life, and smooth the rugged path to the grave? Must not joy be forever an exile from his breast till it enters as a concomitant of virtue? If so then, these, and all their cognate passions should be banished from the heart.

Every man must choose for himself, to clog this stream, and let it flow back and stagnate in the "spring," and thus become like the loathsome bog, where the serpent and reptile hiss and croak; or let it run clear and pure, a resort for refreshment and delight.

*"Hope travels on, nor quits us when we die."*

Hope! thou blest cordial of the human soul,
To thee I pay a tribute. Who can tell
Of scenes most direful, where thou hast not been?
Thou only solace of the comfortless!
Where are the magic teems thy worth to tell?
'Mid prolix tasks, the stamp of Eden's taste,
Nought can exceed thy wonder working powers,
To bring a beam of rapture o'er the soul,
And give a cheer to the lone laborer.
O were it not for treasuses thou hast vow'd,
Should 'tend the busy tyro at his toils,
My spirits soon would lanquish, and my dreams
Of pleasure yet unknown, would cease to be;
And nought but melancholy sad could show,
Where once sat features such as thou dost give.
Art thou sincere in all thy promises?
Say to thy lover wilt thou traitor prove?
With many forms of joy, my youthful days
Are fraught; and the dark future veils from view,
A thousand scenes of pleasure;—days of mirth.
Yet not to revel with the giddy throng;
Nor mingle heart, and voice in gleeful prate,
With those who tarry at the flowing bowl,
To quaff the luscious mixture e're they part;
But days of solid mirth; such when they come
Shall be my solace. On whose very dawn
Shall be the mark, that they are meant for God.
'Twould pain my soul, to think that days like these
Would never come; sad sick'ning thought 'twould be!
For then, 'twere vain to labor; and my heart,
Reft of its mightiest spring for action,
Would be mute and motionless. O heavens!
Was hope e're known to quit the mortal frame,
While ran a drop of life blood through the vein?
No—no—for who can say he e'er was left,
Without one glimmering beam of hope? ah!
Not for man such language, but for demons,
Foul, and hellish fiend! whose only joy is
Sorrow, amid the wailings of the damned.
Yet dost thou not at times, in contest sharp
With rival power, that foe of human bliss,
Give up the ground that thou hast long maintained,
And leave slow ebbing back the tide of life?
'Tis sure thou dost, yet so it is with man,
Whose expectations, vast desires are rife
With wordly scenes, and on no farther look,
For that to please, and satisfy the soul,
Than coming dissolution, mortal fate.
O could I guide my pen, and paint to view,
The traveller o'er the bridge of life;
Beholding now the flitting lamp expire,
And now with eager gaze the scenes to view,
Of mirth and joy, at times o'erhung with shades,
Of gloom, and disappointment dark and drear!
Yet in them all, as in the mirror bright
The sparkling features of the face are viewed
So on the sufferer's brow are seen to smile
The hopes of future comfort unalloyed.
Where are the hours of pleasure I have spent,
In social converse with the friends I love?
Ah! whither are they fled? Alike to me
Are gone, yea gone, alike forever gone,
The bitter and the sweet of social glee.
Hope my companion, fortune by my side;
The past forgot, the present well supplied,
Onward I look to that bright world above,
Where meets the throng to sing redeeming love.

ULLIN.

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The remarks of our correspondent, "Cornelia," we admit to our columns with all readiness, for two reasons. 1st. Both herself and her officious coxcomb seem to deserve that kind of treatment which none but themselves are capable of bestowing. 2d. Were we poetic, and the ladies were not concerned, we should state our next reason in figurative language, to be that which induces us to feed a cat when we fear her claws. At present, the contest between our fair correspondent and her knight, seems rather one unto *breath* than *blood*. We choose not to interfere as umpire, nor to impose any restriction, save the salutary one, that our knight must not bring any more of his expressions from his mother's pantry; and we would gently remind the Lady Cornelia, that her remarks would interest us more if she would insert the word *originality* between her sentences, so that we may, at least, think of it while perusing her numbers.—Eds.

To the Undergraduate.

*Dear* Sir—

Think not from the ardor of my address, that I have actually fallen in love with you, though I have no wish to conceal that my feelings of respect for your character are greatly increased since your timely and as it proved *efficient* aid imparted to a female in checking the unreciprocated advances of a modern popinjay. The ladies in general feel grateful to you for the extended salutary effect produced by the application of your remedy in ridding not a few of them of those troublesome creatures. But although the unexpected publication of my note is esteemed a great favor, it must be confessed that recent developements have brought you into disrepute, and have cast imputations against you of a want of gallantry, little becoming an undergaduate. It is even hinted that you are under a most malign influence. With us ladies, who, Mr Uundergraduate, I assure you are no *sunshine* friends, it is, indeed, a matter of surprise and astonishment that you should lend your name in promulgating and giving currency to the splenetic effusions and heart-burnings of *disappointed* lovers. In the present crisis a sense of honor and regard for interest, equally indicate the course you should pursue. Things have come to a singular pass. Ladies in this return of feudal times, are to be disfranchised—deprived of every privilege. Devotees, who have long knelt at the shrine of Cupid, seeing hope herself forsaking the winged-boy's altars, are goaded on by a keen sense of disappointment to attack the objects of their former adoration. If a female chances to leave the vestibule of her own dwelling, "promenading the streets" is the cry instantly raised and echoed by a *disinterested* brotherhood. Fye, fye, sir, should you once observe the solicitude of those worthy personages to exhale the evening air, or notice their evolutions through our streets in clans to exihbit their horsemanship, you would have little doubt concerning their *sincerity* when complaining of sufferings, (ah! mental,) inflicted upon the inhabitants of a village by the establishment of a female seminary wtthin its precincts. Yet, how those quiet, ever-thinking, seldom-speaking

Juniors, who never walk, never leave the dark recesses of their caves, should be so discomfitted in their vigils by these "promenades," still continues a profound secret. And should the wonderful virtues of a sophomore remain undiscovered, or be slightly neglected, a resort is had to the same satisfactory revenge, and he wields his mighty pen with all the powers of an Agonistes. But if a lady chances to commit a work of hers to the press, perhaps a few fugitive lines of poetry,—Oh! save us, star of destiny, a general tumult from grave and reverend seniors, to the criticisms of wordy Freshmen.

"High the forky trident hurl'd
Roll'd clouds on clouds and stirs the critic's world."

These Arguses permit not even two of their hundred eyes to sleep in watching the faults of the other sex. In this peculiar time when the motto, "none but a coward will assail a woman," is continually verified, unless, sir, you exert your influence in checking the evil, and exposing the spirit which engenders it, I declare, sir, you will lose the regard of your *best friends*.

But to return after this lengthy digression, to the immediate object of my present epistle. It appears that my line to you a few weeks since, has had the desired effect. I should, however, have been as well pleased if the subject of it had silently profitted by the hint instead of making a public annunciation of his reformation. There is yet room for his improvement. This pretty effeminate nondescript is quite too frequently seen meandering our *retired* public streets, moving gracefully and wooingly his newest beaver, tossing playfully his gold-washed seal "perfumed like a milliner," and entertaining some equally interesting companion—

With many holiday and lady terms.

In church, also, his attention might with propriety be in part devoted to the preacher, instead of being exclusively bestowed upon other objects. In fine, Mr Undergraduate, inform him that it is the part of policy as well as prudence for a youth to keep within his means, and that an independent man in homespun is more to be admired than the slave decked in the richest finery. Your obliged servant,

and friend,

CORNELIA.

## Items of News.

FOREIGN.—The reported majority in favor of *Reform* in England, is 127. The elections have resulted much more favorably to the people than was expected.

The French King has dissolved the Chambers and ordered a new election.

The news from Poland is very interesting. The Polish general projected and well nigh carried into effect, a movement to cut off the supplies of the Russian army and prevent the communication between different corps, but was prevented by the superior numbers of the enemy. A battle occurred, however, during his retreat, (which he made good,) in which the Poles lost 4000 and the Russians 16000 men. The former fought with the greatest obstinacy and remained masters of the field. The battle took place at the passage of a bridge, which the Poles undertook to destroy and the Russians to preserve. The Polish General had fallen back on Praga where he remained at the latest dates. Troops are pouring in from Russia, and nothing but Heaven can avert the fate of the Poles. —

Prince Leopold has been elected King of the Belgians by a large majority. It is said, he will *decline* again. —

Ex-President John Quincy Adams has been solicited by the Common Council of Boston, to deliver an Eulegy on the late President Monroe, and has accepted the appointment.

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CLOSING SCENE OF LIFE.—The last words of Thomas Jefferson were, "*I resign my soul to my God, and my daughter to my country.*" John Adams, near his end, roused by the firing of cannon, on being told the people were rejoicing for the Fourth of July, said, "*It is a great and glorious day*"—and expired with the words "*Independence forever!*" trembling on his lips. When the noise of the firing began at midnight, the dying Monroe "opened his eyes enquiringly, and when the cause was communicated to him, a look of intelligence indicated that he understood what the occasion was." We know not if there be upon record more striking instances than these of the "*ruling passion strong in death.*"—*Petersburgh Int.*

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A WINDFALL.—We understand that a respectable mechanic, now residing in this city, received a letter from London, by the packet ship Corinthian, on Saturday last, announcing the fact, that he had fallen heir to a title and estate worth £80,000 per annum. The subject of this paragraph is, as we learn, a very respectable and pious man, of the Methodist pursuasion.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

### MARRIED,

In Hartford, Conn. on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr Linsley, Mr GEORGE W. ROOT, Merchant of this village, to Miss JULIA CORNING, daughter of Doct. George Corning. In Boston, George Allen, Esq. of Burlington, to Miss Mary H. Withington. In Sterling, Mass. Willard Parker, M. D. to Miss Caroline S. only daughter of Doct. S. Allen. In Moriah N. Y. Mr John Hart, to Miss Nancy Bell, both of Addison, Vt. In Royalton, Mass. Mr Lorenzo Davis, of Putney, Vt. to Miss Roxana Gale.

### DIED,

In this village on Monday night last, Mr Sheffield Langworthy, aged 62.—Also, in this town, this morning, Dea. ——Kirby, aged, 64.